

## Children's Sermon

God's Eyes.

By Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchison, D. D.

The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good. Prov. 15:3.

The Bible has a great deal to say about the eyes of the Lord. They are very wonderful things, those eyes. They are like our eyes and yet they are very different. There are many things that God does with His eyes which we cannot do with ours.

We cannot see in more than one direction at once. In a ball game recently the runner, when he ran the bases, did not touch first base, but the umpire had not seen it. He had been busy looking at another runner on the other side of the field, and a man can see but one way at once. When you are looking out of the window you cannot see what is going on in the room. If you are watching a wagon that is coming from one direction, you cannot see something that is off in another direction. But God is different. He can see everything at once. His eyes are in every place, and there is nothing that escapes them.

Another thing: God never sleeps. I knew a boy who wanted to do something wrong. He was afraid to do it during the day light for fear his father would see him and punish him. So he waited till night, when his father's eyes were closed in sleep. Then he crept out of the house and went off with his bad companions. But the eyes of God never close day nor night. We cannot do anything that He does not see us.

In France there is a little peep hole in the door of every prison cell. The prisoner has the eye of one of the guards on him every moment of the day or night. The children used to say that the stars, that shine at night, are the

eyes of God watching us. That is the second thing I want you to remember. God's great eye is never closed. He sees everything that you do day and night.

Another thing: God can see inside us, and he knows what is going on there, too. Some boys can tell lies with a straight face so that their own fathers and mothers, and teachers will believe them. But they do not deceive God. He can look right through and see the heart and He knows that it is a lie.

While Jesus was here the people hated him, but sometimes they would come and pretend to be friendly. But we are told that Jesus knew their hearts. He could see right through them. When you think a wrong thought, or tell an untruth, you may deceive the people about you, but God knows.

Then we should not forget that God's eyes are in every place. There was a man once whose son went away from home to live. His father said to him as he said "good-bye," "my boy, wherever you go I shall be watching you." Nearly every week he wrote to his son and told him of things that he had been doing that week. After a little that boy came to be very careful. He knew that there was someone who was watching everything that he did and reporting to his father.

In the same way there is an eye that is on us always, and we ought therefore to be very careful of our words and thoughts and actions.

God not only sees the evil that we do but the good things, too. Every kind and loving act that any of us perform for someone else He sees it and is keeping a record of it and some day he will reward us for it.

Norfolk, Va.

to mop the floor and helped Gertrude clean the pantry and repaper the shelves and black the rather rusty stove. Then with less muscle than he would use to build a sled he mopped the floor until it shone brightly, finishing just as Betty came in with the curtains with their border of violets.

"It really looks as if the fairies had been here," cried Betty after the curtains were up and a potted geranium had been brought in from the yard and placed on the table.

"Hush. Mother's coming," warned Gertrude. And they sped silently into the adjoining bedroom. There they heard her exclamation of delight and wonder.

"Children, children," she called, "the fairies have been here."

Giggling and pretending great surprise, they trooped into the kitchen and were hugged closer in her arms.

"I'll believe in fairies after this," she said softly; "and the sweetest fairies in the world are finger fairies. I believe there is almost nothing that they cannot do."

"Except party dresses," said Gertrude soberly. "But I don't care so much about the new dress now, I feel so happy."

"That is the best thing about being a finger fairy," said mother. "No matter how hard they work to make happiness for others, they make themselves happy also."

The next morning when Gertrude awoke there lay across her bed a wonderful new dress. She sat up and cried out in wonder.

"A gift from the finger fairies," sung out her mother from the doorway.

"You must have worked on it all night," said Gertrude, hugging the soft folds to her breast; "but you said there was no money to buy goods to make it."

"There wasn't," her mother answered; "but the finger fairies found an old dress of mine in a box in the attic that I had when I was married, and the rest was easy. But I would not even have had time to look if they had not first cleaned up my kitchen for me so very beautifully."

"I'm glad I am a finger fairy," whispered Gertrude.—Faye N. Merriman, in *Epworth Herald*.

### WHAT AUNTIE SAID.

"My Aunt Katherine has 'leven cats," announced Lucia Holland.

"My Aunt Rosalie has twenty; she sells 'em."

Then from Eloise Cabet: "I know a boy whose mother has an aunt that keeps thirty-one cats and a hired man to wash 'em and feed 'em." The tone of Eloise was calm, but her eyes shone with little triumphant glints.

Then Aunt Patty spoke: "My Uncle Sam keeps more than three hundred cats."

Lucia Holland was triumphant. Who could say more than that? Three hundred cats! And everybody knew that Lucia Holland's aunt Patty told the truth.

"Yes," went on the pleasant voice, "three hundred and odd. I don't know how many cats he has. It seems like a good many, doesn't it?"

O, yes, it seemed like a good many. Lucia's cheeks were turning a soft pink color. But of course she trusted Aunt Patty.

"But—but I don't see where he keeps such a heap as—that," commented one.

"O, he doesn't keep them in one place, of course. I believe he keeps them in about fifty places—post offices, you know."

No—O, no, they did not know. It seemed as if they did not know much of anything.

"Yes; he keeps them in the post offices of the largest cities, where they can attend to the rats and mice that otherwise would chew holes in the mail sacks and likely as not bore holes through bags of letters. My Uncle Sam's cats attend to those rats and mice, I assure you. Of course no one could expect the postmasters of these big city offices to pay the pussies' board out of their own pockets. Dear me, no! My Uncle Sam would never think of such a thing. He pays eight to forty dollars for each pussy's food."

"O, my! We've got a boarder, and she pays only five dollars a week, and she's human," broke forth one girl in astonishment.

"Eight to forty dollars a year, I meant," laughed Aunt Patty. "My Uncle Sam is pretty well off, but I don't think he could afford as much as that a week. The postmasters send in their boarders' bills at the beginning of each quarter, and Uncle Sam pays them promptly."

Lucia had been thinking hard. Now she spoke: "If he's your Uncle Sam, he's mine, too."

"Of course," said Aunt Patty; "and Eloise's too, and the others'."

"I know," cried Lucia. "Uncle Sam's only his 'nitals. His whole name is United States."

No wonder all the others laughed then.—Young Evangelist.

## Children's Letters

### AN ESKIMO STORY.

Dear Presbyterian: I never have written to you before. So I hope my letter won't reach the waste basket. I go to school. I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Anderson. I like her very much. I have a horse and his name is Booger. I had two geese. Their names are Lee and Liz. We had Lee for dinner last Sunday. I am going to put a little story in, then will close.

### "Two Eskimo Children."

Once upon a time, away up in Labrador lived a family of Eskimos. They had a little boy twelve years old and a little sister eight. The little girl's name was Rebecca and the boy's name was Bobby. Bobby and Rebecca are not like the little boys and girls in America. Bobby and Rebecca would not trade their ice cold igloo for your beautiful home. They have no pretty Shetland ponies and carts. They drive fierce dogs that have wolf blood in them. They think their igloo is furnished much nicer than your home. They have not but one room in their igloo. They have snow shoes. In this room they have no stove. All they have is just one smoky old lamp. They burn seal oil in these lamps. They eat raw seal meat, and whale, and sea birds' eggs. They have no snow white little beds with pretty pink and blue blankets. They sleep in long seal skin sacks. Do you want to trade homes with Bobby and Rebecca. I don't, anyhow. Minco, Okla. Mildred S. Latham.